THE MIRACLES Perform'd by MONEY; A POEM.

By the Author of the Humours of a Coffee-house.

Tis *Virtue*, *Wit*, and *Worth*, and all,
That Men *Divine*, and *Sacred* call:
For what is *Worth* in any thing,
But so much *Money* as t'will bring?

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UMI

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO

Sir Martin Monyleſs.

SInce my very **good Friend**, *but now under the Hatches,*
And as poor as a Seller of **Brooms** *and* **Card-matches**,
Thou haſt left off thy **Quibbles**, *thy* **Songs**, *and thy* **Catches**.

Prithee leave off thy **Sober** *dull Plodding and thinking,*
And into thy Pockets get **Ready** *and* **Chink** *in,*
And then I'le allow thee a Time for **good Drinking**.

For till then be thy **Parts** *ne're ſo* **Modiſh** *and* **Florid**,
Till with **Darby's** *and* **Smelts** *thou thy Purſe haſt well ſtored,*
There's a **Fool** *in thy* **Face**, *and an* **Aſs** *in thy* **Forehead**.

What a Pox do I care for a **Monyleſs Fellow**?
If he **ſpeaks** *ne're ſo* **Witty** *he ſeems but to Bellow,*
If he wants the true Bleſſings of **White** *and of* **Yellow**.

Til

Till thou Mony *hast got, thy Brisk Humour will falter,*
Till thou hast it ne're spare neither Temple *nor* Altar,
But a Word by the by; *Have a care of the Halter.*

But let happen What will, get some Mony *how er'e,*
Cog, Flatter, Dissemble, Lye, Swear, *and* Forswear,
And attempt any Action a brave Fellow *dare.*

Be a Pimp, *or a* Pander, *a* Sharper, *or* Bully,
A Decoy, *a* Trappan, *or a* Counterfeit Cully,
And never give ore till thou'st done the trick fully.

Swear old Men *are young, and Queen* Blowze *is a Beauty,*
Undo pretty Virgins, tempts Wives from their Duty,
And be true to all Interests you think will be true t'ye.

Out-rail *a Bilk't Coachman,* Out-banter *a Wit,*
Out-lye *a News-writer,* out-promise *a Cit,*
Strive thy self to out-do *if the Thing thou canst hit.*

More *Women deceive than did* Wickham *of late,*
Religion or Bawdy *or any thing Prate,*
And put on all Shapes so thou get but the Plate.

Prithee never want Mony *what ever may lack thee,*
For when thou hast Mony *no Friends will forsake thee,*
But if thour't without it the Devil may take thee.

Thy Friend (if thou wilt be thine own)

Tom of Ten Thousand.

What

WHat mighty Magick does the World betwitch,
That all Mankind thus Covet to be Rich?
Daily plough up the raging ſtormy Main,
From Eaſt to Weſt, and all in chaſe of Gain;
Climb higheſt Hills, through ſandy Deſerts go,
Over partcht Plains, and Mountains clad in Snow;
The various Heats and Colds of Climates ſcorn,
Of both the Tropicks, *Cancer*, *Capricorn*;
Deprive their Nights of Reſt, their Days of Pleaſure,
Grow Hoary-headed in purſuit of Treaſure;
Swear and Forſwear, Equivocate and Lye,
Stick at no Oaths nor blackeſt Perjury;
Sons kill their Fathers, Brother fight with Brother,
And all Mankind prove Wolves to one another;

Friends ſheath their Swords in Boſoms of their
Friends,
When with kind Love their Intereſt contends;
With wild confuſion all the World ſpread o're,
Occaſion'd by the ſearch of *Shining Oar*:
The Secret would ſome Spirit but unfold,
From whence proceeds this mighty thirſt of *Gold?*
Ceaſe *Fooliſh Muſe*, thy Admiration ceaſe,
Or to know nothing of the World confeſs;
For 'tis a certain Maxim plain and clear,
Want of a Bleſſing makes a Bleſſing dear:
What Monied Man wrackt with *Gout*, would
not,
With a young healthful Beggar change his Lot?
With wholeſom Scraps a vig'rous health maintain,
Rather than lye on Velvet Couch in pain?
If Love of Mony be the Root of Evil,
The want of it is certainly the Devil:
A Truth which ever was and ever will
Be known to all the *Brethren of the Quill:*
Their Purſes like Sprink-tides are ſometimes ſwel'd,
And to the Brims with ſmiling *Angels* fill'd:
But Tides of Ebb do ſoon their Pockets drain,
And then they're at low Water mark again.

Since

Since then it is not by the *Gods* allow'd,
Poets ſhould always find ſo great a *good*,
We'l rail at what is not within our Power,
As did the Fox, who ſwore the Grapes were ſour;
Recount the various Wonders hourly done,
By *Monies* ſtrange effective Force alone,
And the ſurprizing Miracles unfold,
Done by the Vertue of *Almighty Gold.*
Room for my Lord there——be uncover'd Slave,
Bear back ye Vermin, cries a ſawcy Knave,
Walking before a *Spark* whoſe vaſt Eſtate
Did's Title firſt, and then Reſpect create:
Whoſe Grand-father perhaps was one ſo civil,
For Gold to go directly to the Devil,
That his dear *Hony ſuckle Babe* might be
A *Knight*, or elſe a *Man of Quality:*
See how he ſtruts——obſerve the humble grin,
Which by his Flatterers is return'd again;
Mark how they bow with moſt fantaſtick cringes,
As if their Bodies mov'd by Springs and Hinges.
A ſupple Slave then whiſpers in his Ear,
My Lord, Gad judg me, *if you dont appear,*
The moſt accompliſh'd Perſon in the World,
Your Shape ſo clean, your Wigg ſo neatly Curl'd;
Nay

Nay *you'r the only Man at Court, which ere*
Knew how to Dreſs—*By Gad my Lord you wear*
Your Cloaths with ſuch becoming Negligence,
As if you only put them on by Chance;
The Ladies all have laid their Hearts at ſtake,
And ſigh and languiſh only for your ſake.
At this *my Lord* affords a gracious Smile,
Liſtning to's fulſom Flattery all the while.
By this time to attend his *Levee*, comes
A needy *Poet*, twirling of his Thumbs,
And looking ſimply humbly craves, *my Lord*,
The mighty Honour would be pleas'd t'afford,
As to become a Patron to his Play,
That is, in other words, be pleas'd to pay
For fulſom Praiſe, cramp't in a florid Story,
In the Epiſtle called Ded'catory:
By a ſmall nod my *Lord* aſſents he will,
Which does the ſcribling Wretch will pleaſure fill:
Homeward he goes by ſtudious Arts to raiſe,
For *gilded Quality* ſome *tinſel Praiſe*.
Nay too too oft do Men of Wit and Parts,
Well read in Men, in Languages and Arts,
Expoſe, for want of *neceſſary Pence*,
To *monied Blockheads*, their Immortal Senſe;

Who

Who by that Means acquire a lasting Fame,
And to Posterity transmit a Name;
Which in Oblivions Records else had stood,
With Names of Millions dead before the Flood.
Mong *Wonders* to which *Mony* makes pretence,
'Tis strange it shou'd supply the want of Sense!
Yet is an *Ideot* by Fortune blest,
With a full Pocket, or a well-cram'd Chest;
And by the means of his so large Increase,
Made *Knight o'th Shire*, or *Justice of the Peace*:
At *Quarter-Sessions* when he sits in State,
Among his Brethren, to Assess and Rate,
Tho nere so dull and flat, yet what he says,
Is of By-Standers sure to gain the Praise;
'Tis much if when their Commendations Swell,
They say not——*Spoken like an Oracle.*
Or if in mixt Converse, where Business, News,
Or other Talk does Company amuse,
The Man should chance to Interfere and Prate,
(For nothing noted but his great Estate)
If by the Hour he Nonsense should discourse,
(Than which there cannot be a greater Curse
In Conversation) yet they listen all,
And greedily snatch up the Words which fall

From's Mouth, as if they were in modern Senſe,
The choiceſt Pearls and Flowers of Eloquence.
But if on him the *Itch of Scribling* ſeize,
And's labring Thoughts can never be at eaſe,
Till he in Print has to the World put forth,
A Piece (as he eſteems) of mighty Worth,
Be th' Subject what it will of any kind,
It will not fail a vaſt Applauſe to find;
For there was ner'e a Scribling *Monied Fop*,
But found ſome greater Fool to cry him up;
If not much Prais'd, it will at leaſt be ſaid,
The Author wrote for Pleaſure, not for Bread.
Is Verſe the Subject? Tho' each Stanza chimes,
With as much Spirit as do *Belmen*'s Rhimes;
Tho' ten times duller every Line appears,
Than *Crowns* late *Dæneids*, or *John Bunyans* Verſe:
Yet his flat Nonſenſe will the World prefer,
Before the Lines of *Cowley*, *Rocheſter*,
Waller or *Denham*, or the late admir'd
Oldham, who wrote as with a Muſe inſpir'd.
If Politicks his empty Pages ſwell,
He underſtands much more than *Matchivel*;
And does from newer Principles derive ye
The grounds of Rule than *Hobbs* in *Book de Cive*:

Nay

Nay, he how far the very bounds can ſhow,
Prerogative and Priviledge may go;
And he has often, tho' t'has been in's Power,
Declin'd the Place of *Privy Councellor.*
Does Hiſtory amuſe his idle Hours?
He does with more Solidity diſcourſe
Of that grave Subject, than can ere be read,
In Works of *Baker*, *Speed* or *Hollinſhed.*
If to mixt Subjects he his Pen applies,
What ere he writes is ſure to find ſucceſs;
His Flatterers will every thing admire,
Each Line, each Sentence, ſets their Souls on fire;
All is Divine, there's not a Word amiſs,
With joy they ſhake, and weep with tenderneſs:
By this his Vanity ſo high is flown,
He thinks no Works ſo ſhining as his own:
If you in number of his *Friends* he takes,
Of's *Works* to you he then a Preſent makes;
For which, as 'tis the *Faſhion* now a days,
You muſt be ſure the new Compoſure praiſe,
And tell him, that the ſottiſh World had lain
In Ignorance, had not his Learned Pen
The Foggs their Reaſon clouded, ſoon diſpell'd,
And with rich *thoughts* their empty *judgments* fil'd:

Tho'

*T*ho after all it is these Scriblers fate,
(For little else but noisy Praise they get)
*T*o have their very *W*orks so much esteem'd,
By *F*latterers, to be at last condemn'd,
*T*o wrap up Spice, *T*obacco, Soap and Plumbs,
Under Pyes put, or wipe the Readers B—s;
And thus each lofty Line, each mighty *T*hought,
Is to its final Execution brought.

If one by *F*ortune plac'd in low Degree,
Reduc'd to *W*ant and needy Poverty,
Living in Country Village all alone,
His Name to Parish-Regiſter ſcarce known,
Should by ſome ſtrange and unexpected *F*ate,
Become the Heir to *Mony* or *Eſtate*,
And is, his part the better to maintain,
Ambitious to be thought a *Gentleman*;
*T*ho' by the ancient Stock from whence he came,
He was a *B*egger both by Sire and Dam;
Yet *Learned Heralds* can for *Mony* ſhow,
*F*rom ſome rich *F*amily he firſt did grow:
*T*ho, for ſome time it may have been obſcure,
His Anceſtors came in with th' *Conqueror*.
If ſtore of *Or* and *Argent* he has got,
He ſhall not fail to have 'em in his *Coat*;

*T*ho'

Tho' *Dormant Couchant* long his Name did reſt,
He ſhall have *Lyon Rampant* for his Creſt;
And if he'l pay but briskly for the thing,
From *John* of *Gaunt* his Pedigree they'l bring:
Thus ſtore of *Mony* and a *vaſt Eſtate*,
Can of a *Clown* a *Gentleman* create.
But now another Scene appears in view,
A Scene which known Experience ſays is true:
Suppoſe then Reader, that my Friend and I,
Ev'n in the days of Childiſh Infancy
Such Freedoms take, we afterwards improve,
To higheſt Offices of Friendly Love;
One Soul our diff'rent Bodies ſeems to move,
Alike we hate, alike approve, and love:
All lawful Pleaſures we alike partake,
And each is free to Dye for t'others ſake;
No Task thought difficult, nor Danger great,
May firmer Unions of our Souls create;
And what crowns all, we both have Mony ſtore,
He vaſtly Rich, I far from being Poor.
But if by Fortune's ſtrange capricious Spight,
On my Eſtate ſome ſweeping Miſchief light,
Some raging Fire my blooming Hopes prevent,
Or Loſs by Sea, or other Accident

Strips me of all thoſe Riches once I had,
My Diet mean, my ſelf more meanly clad,
Penſive and Thoughtful all day long I walk,
And to my ſelf in broken Murmurs talk,
Having no Comfort but this Thought alone,
Tho Fortune's fled, yet Friendſhip is not gone;
Unwilling yet of Friends to ask Relief,
For there's a kind of Modeſty in Grief,
As yet within the compaſs of my Breaſt,
My Wants, my Troubles, and Afflictions reſt;
Yet if at laſt my cruel Creditors,
Joyn all their Forces, and unite their Powers
To cruſh me, and by Serjeants rude Arreſt,
I'm ſafely lockt in *Ludgate*'s ſtony Cheſt;
But yet in Priſon give my Thoughts ſome ſcope,
And entertain my ſelf with ſtarving Hope,
That my rich *Friend*, ſince now I ſtand in need,
Will prove a *real, cordial Friend* indeed;
I write; no Anſwer comes: I write ag'en,
Till I to Stumps have almoſt worn my Pen;
No Friend appears, my dying Hopes to cheriſh,
There I may Lye and Rot, and Starve and Periſh;
At laſt, when I've more Meſſengers employ'd,
Then patient *Job* with their ſad Tales anoy'd,

He ſends—(for ſhould himſelf in Perſon come,
He'd be Infected in a Priſon-room)
And lets me know, that he is very ſorry
From Walls of Stone, to hear my diſmal Story,
But had poor luckleſs I two days before
Sent the ſad News, he could with mighty ſtore
Have eas'd my wants, and tho his heart was willing,
He could not now equip me with a Shilling;
For on the Morning of that very Day
I ſent, he'd paid all's ready Caſh away:
Or elſe—when he the Meſſage has read o're,
Pretends he never heard my Name before:
Lord how I wonder who this Man ſhould be,
That ſends this ſad complaining Note to me?
I knew indeed a Wealthy Man o'th Name,
But cannot gueſs the Perſon whence this came:
Tho' he and I a thouſand times have try'd
Pleaſures, when ſailing with a *Monied Tide*,
But now my Perſon's utterly forgot,
And I in Gaol condemn'd alive to rot:
Strange *Logick!* Can the Walls of Priſon frame,
And prove the ſame Man is not now the ſame?
But if by ſome moſt unexpected fate,
By ſome Friend's Death I'm left a good *Eſtate*,

And

And from Confinement ſally once again,
Of my Acquaintance, what a mighty *Train*,
Who either ſhun'd or knew me not before,
Come cringing now, and wait upon my Door!
In Anti-Chamber wait till I ſhall riſe,
And with their Wiſhes my good *Fortune* bleſs,
While each one ſtrives to do what ere he can,
For me the fortunate, the happy Man;
With folding Arms my Body they entwine,
Their *Fortunes*, Services, their *Souls* are mine,
With winged haſte at my Commands they run,
All court the Riſing, none the Setting Sun.

If Gold in *Friendſhip* can ſuch Wonders ſhew,
In Love, what ſtrange amazing Things 'twil do?
Not Wit nor Vertue half ſo much can move,
As pow'rful *Gold* in *Arts* of making Love:
A thouſand *Accidents* tempt *Fleſh* and *Blood*,
But powerful Guinea cannot be withſtood,
For 'tis a Truth which Mankind will confeſs,
That ready *Mony* ſpeaks all Languages.
Am I than *Æſop* more deform'd in Shape,
A prating, chatt'ring, laughing, am'rous *Ape*,
And juſtly can pretend no other *Senſe*,
But noiſy Nonſenſe and *Impertinence*;

If

If I with *Guineas* have my Pockets Lind,
What ſignifies the Shape of Corps or Mind?
The Ladies will Adore any Perſon more,
Than that of Handſom *F*——*g*, heretofore.
I am their *Deareſt* Dear, *their Fubbs their Honey*
Their Angels nay *their very Heav'n for Mony:*
I am more welcom to their Longing Arms,
Than is a Man poſſeſt with Thouſand Charms,
Of Perſon, Birth, Wit, Valour, tho I want
Each Quality, I am their *Darling Saint.*
For *Mony*, Husbands will their Wives Decoy,
And teach 'em to Commit the *Guilty Joy*;
Ride out of Town, that the Gallant may come
To taſt forbidden Pleaſures in his Room.
And if he unawares ſhould chance to be
Spectator of their Am'rous Privacy,
Is Deaf and Blind, and cannot hear nor ſee;
Nay ſome *Obliging Cuckolds* will do more,
Bring the Spark home and after hold the Door,
Think Horns no Shame, if *Mony* by them come,
And Boaſt and Glory in their Cuckoldom.
Mothers for this their Daughters will betray
To Man of Quality, if he but pay.

With Charming *Guineas* in the Ballance laid,
What a poor *Trifle* is a *Maidenhead*?
Tis found and loſt, tis loſt and found again,
As is the Cully found 'mongſt monied Men:
To thoſe will pay for ſuch forbidden Crimes,
It ſhall be ſold 'bove thirty ſev'ral times,
And the crackt Girl more timerous appear,
Than *Lucrece* was when *Tarquin* Raviſht her.
Too well this Infamous deceit is known:
To the Lewd *Bawds* of this Luxurious Town,
When a *Raw Country Girl* away they lead,
And turn the Penny by her *Maiden-head.*
How many *Jilts*, *Cracks*, *Proſtitutes* and *Whores*
Their Sexes ſcandal, Natures common Shores,
Are there in Town (ſad Wretches as they are)
Who once were very vertuous, young and Fair?
And who had vertuous been this very Hour,
Had it not been for Gold's Almighty Power.
Gold firſt their Blindfold Reaſon led aſtray,
(For who its Mighty Power can diſobey?
Gold to forbidden Paths Firſt brought them in,
And *Gold* alone informd 'em how to Sin.
The Greateſt Bleſſing which the God's have ſent,
T'inrich Mankind withall, is True Content,
Which

Which humble Poor as well as Rich enjoy;
Lifes only Cordial, Lifes true Solid Joy,
Yet this rare Jewel is too often Sold,
And ev'ry Day Exchang'd for Shining *Gold.*
Can it be thought an *old Grey withered Sot,*
Who has in's Grave one Foot already got,
With *Palsies*, *Aches*, *Rheumes*, and *Gout* oppreſt,
No Pith in's *B*ack, nor Vigour in his *B*reaſt,
Can be a *welcome Preſent* to the Arms
Of a *Young Creature* bleſt with *T*houſand *C*harms?
Yet this we ſee is almoſt Daily done,
And fair young *Phillis*, by old *Damon* won;
Whilſt other Shepherds Witty Gay and Young,
Who by her ſide have tun'd their Pipes and Sung,
Wanting the *B*leſſing of a large Eſtate,
Which Settlement and Joynture may *C*reate,
Are ſlighted—whilſt the *Youthful Charming Bride,*
Lyes by an old Mans *unperforming* Side.
*T*he Price of *B*eauty what Man does not know?
Alas the Value ont is fallen ſo low,
Each petty *C*hapman now with Purſe in Hand,
Has it at Minutes Warning to *C*ommand.
Women like *B*ooks and Pictures now a Days,
Are put to Sale, and who the Price can raiſe,

Not

Not he whose Merits decently can *Crave* 'em,
No, no, the Lucky He bids most shall have 'em:
Youth, Wit and Valour will not now prevail:
But yet *Almighty Mony* cannot fail.

With what Impatience have I often seen,
A *Youthful Bride*, who never saw Eighteen,
Running with nimble haste to opening Door,
To meet her *Good old Man* of Sixty four,
Clap her Warm, Soft, Plump Rosy Cheek to his,
And nestle through his Beard to get a Kiss?
Play with her Hand upon his Grisly Chin,
And softly say, my *Dear where have you been?*
Well, *you'r unkind*, a *Naughty Man I vow*,
I thought you'd been at home two Hours agoe,
Dinner's quite spoil'd---But yet for you my Dear,
I have reserv'd some Lobsters and Caveir
I almost Longd to see you------ He mean while,
For these Endearments can't afford a Smile,
But in his Clownish way says ----*you've your Will*,
But *Pleasure must give Place to* Business still:
Gripewell *and I have got this very Morning*,
A thousand Pounds----a Sum not worth the Scorning,
And tho the Times are Cloudy like the Weather,
At honest Ned's *took one half pint together.*

Come

Come come----and there perhaps he leads her in,
A Sight would almoſt tempt a Man to Sin,
And from him, ſince he values not the Pleaſure,
To ſnatch the Lovely Young and Tempting
(Treaſure.
For *Mony* thus will *Virgins* throw their *Charms*
Within the Circle of an *Old Mans* Arms;
Tho' Froſt to *F*ruits, and Mildew to the Corn,
To Armour Ruſt, or *F*its to Child new Born,
Cannot more *F*atal and Deſtructive prove,
Than *A*ge to Beauty, Impotence to Love:
Her youthful Heat new Blood in him inſpires,
While he by's Coldneſs Damps her warmer
(Fires,
His aged Limbs do Gout or Palſie Rack;
She muſt by Sympathy his Ills partake,
Becoming in ſhort time (a thing moſt Common)
A *Sickly Pining Drooping old young Woman.*
Shift we the Scene now to a cloſe Alcove,
And ſee a youthful *Spark* pretending Love,
(For ſure no Man can be ſo void of Senſe
To think 'tis any thing but meer pretence)
To an old withered *Beldam* of threeſcore,
Of ſwelling Bags bleſt with a Numerous ſtore:

What Mighty Wonders cannot Mony do?
Tho She Deform'd as *Mother Shipton* ſhew,
He Gripes her Palſied Hand, and vows and ſwears
No *Beauty at the Court with her compares,*
So *ſoft her Skin, her Eyes ſuch Luſtre hold,*
Nature deſign'd ſhe never ſhould grow old,
While ſhe with Smiles, (which are indeed Grimace)
Adding more Wrinkles to her Wainſcoat Face,
Half opening of her Mouth to her new Lover,
Fearing ſhe ſhould the want of Teeth diſcover,
Cries, *truly Sir, I wonder you ſhould ſpy,*
One Charm in me to pleaſe your curious Eye:
I'm old, tis true, but *yet there was a time,*
Tho 'tis long ſince, when I was in my Prime:
This Face had Charms---Ah Madam! pray forbear,
Say not it had, they're ſtill too plainly there,
Says he, and puſhing on his am'rous Rage,
Tells her, that Wine and Beauty gain by Age.
She overcome, *poor Thing,* by his ſoft Words,
At laſt to take him for her Spouſe affords:
To Church they go, on which the World may (ſay
(That truly now *December* Weds with *May*;
While

While he receives a Penſion during Life,
To *Do the Drudg'ry* of an old Rich Wife.
Twere Endleſs, ſhould I but attempt to Run,
O're all the *Miracles* by *Mony* done.
What Mighty Magick is there in a *Fee*,
To turn the very Scales of Equity?
Wrong ſhall be Right, and Right again be
(Wrong,
If but with *Gold* you touch the *Lawyers* Tongue,
And the *Coifd Serjeant*, when at Barr he pleads,
Shall ſpeak or true or falſe, as *Guinea* leads;
And Votes of *Scarlet Judges* bought and ſold,
If purchaſed by the Mighty Power of Gold.
The *Roman Church* her ſelf is not aſham'd,
To ſay the Poor (and only they) are Damn'd;
The Rich ſhall ſtay ſhort time in *Purgatory*,
But no *poor Wretch* directly went to Glory:
No, he muſt fry in *Purgatory Kitchin*,
Till Mony can his Soul from thence be fetch-
(ing.
No *Colledge Doctor* in his Guilded Coach,
The Cottages of Poor will ere approach.
Phiſicians come not where there are no Fees,
None cure or plead in *Forma pauperis*.

Mony

Mony what Wonders can it not effect?
Who ever faild that had it, of Reſpect?
T'will make the *Blind Man* ſee, the *Lame Man*
(walk,
Make *Deaf* Men hear, and *Dumb* Men loudly talk;
*T'*will make an *old* Man have a youthful Skin,
And *Beldams*, old as *Aldgate*, not Sixteen;
Make *Cowards* Valiant, and make *Blockheads*
(Wiſe,
And from low Dunghills make *th'ignoble* Riſe;
Get Pardons for, and Licences to Sin,
*T*empt *Virgins, and unwary Youth* draw in;
Depreſs the *Good and Vertuous* with Diſgrace,
And ſet up *Vice* to Lord it in their place:
But ah! what Pen its *Miracles* can tell,
Which *Heaven* purchaſes and ſaves from *Hell*?

F I N I S.